INSIDE — THE FANTASTIC INCREDIBLE HULK!

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SMASH!

No. 36
8th OCT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

POW! IT'S THE DYNAMIC DUO...

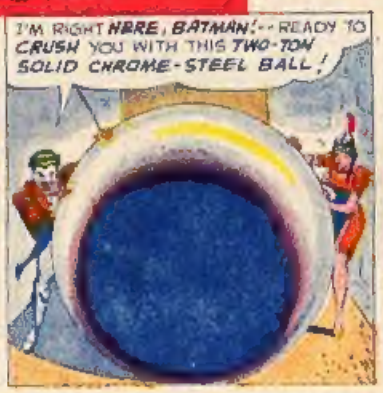
BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BATMAN HAS TRAPPED THE JOKER IN AN OLD CASTLE — OR HAS HE... ?

FREE! THIS HULK SWEATSHIRT...

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED IN SMASH!



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ALL RIGHT, BATMAN! SEE IF YOU CAN BAT THIS BALL! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
UGH. SOME JOKE, BOSS JOKER!
THE HUGE STEEL BALL SPEEDS DOWN THE INCLINED CORRIDOR!
IT ONLY WEIGHS TWO TONS, BATMAN! HA, HA, HA, HA!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BATMAN?!?
WE USE SURVIVAL-TACTIC X134, CHUM! GET SET!
CAN SURVIVAL-TACTIC X134 PREVAIL AGAINST TWO TONS OF TERROR?!? DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY!
COURAGE, ROBIN! THIS IS IT!
IT'S PRETTY ANNOYING TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF A SKUNK LIKE THE JOKER!
KRUNCH! OOF! GROCK!
MY LOVELY TWO-TON SOLID STEEL BALL FLATTENING THE DYNAMIC DUO LIKE PANCAKES! IF ONLY I COULD SEE IT!
UGH! ME GLAD ME NOT SEE UM!
HAVE OUR FEARLESS FRIENDS FENDED THEIR FINAL FEND? THAT "KRUNCH" SOUNDED TERRIBLY TERMINAL!
THIS THING WEIGHS TWO TONS, BATMAN! MY LEGS ARE BREAKING!!
HOLD ON, CHUM! I'M THINKING!
DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING FROM BACK THERE, LAUGHING GIRL?-- LIKE VOICES?!?
UGH! IF UM VOICES, UM GHOSTS!
THIS IS THE END, BATMAN!
NOT YET, ROBIN! SOMETHING FROM MY UTILITY-BELT MAY STILL SAVE US!
WILL BATMAN'S UTILITY SPELL FUTILITY? HOLD YOUR BREATH--
DO YOU HEAR A HISSING SOUND, LAUGHING GIRL?
MAYBE THEY HISS YOU WITH DYING BREATH BECAUSE YOU VILLAIN, BOSS JOKER!
I'M SPRAYING THE TWO-TON STEEL BALL WITH LOX FROM MY UTILITY-BELT!
HISSSSS
LOX?!? I THOUGHT LOX WAS SOMETHING YOU PUT IN SANDWICHES!!
"LOX" IS ALSO THE DESIGNATION FOR "LIQUID OXYGEN," CHUM!
HOLY HAIR-SPRAY! WHAT GOOD CAN THAT DO?!?
GOOD QUESTION ROBIN! HAS DANGER DULLED BATMAN'S THINKING? KEEP SPRAYING 'TILL SMASHDAY!

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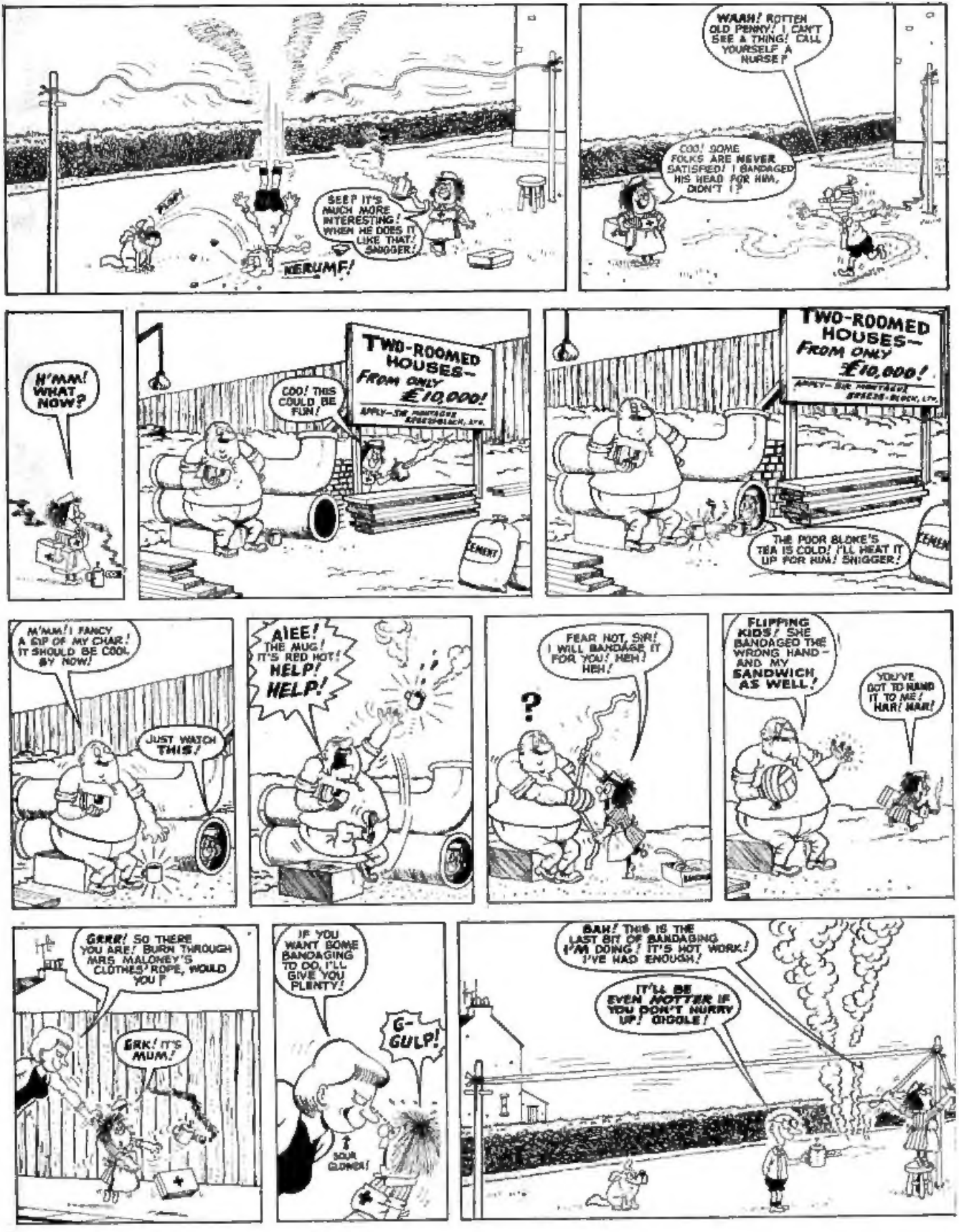
Percy's Pets

THIS IS A STICK-UP! HAND OVER YOUR SWEETS!
ERK!
HELP YOURSELF!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! SLURP!
AAGH! THEY AIN'T SWEETS! THEY'RE HORRIBLE HAIRY SPIDERS!!
MMAN!
HEE! HEE! I LOVE EIGHT-LEGGED SWEETS!
GLUGG! SO THAT LITTLE SMART ALEC LIKES SPIDERS, DOES HE!?!
THEATRICAL COSTUMIER
NOW TO GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!
INTO BATTLE — TALLY-HO!
OW!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
EIGHT LEGS ARE FOUR TIMES AS GOOD AS TWO!
GRRR! I'M AN EXPERT AT DEALING WITH SPIDERS!
HAR! HAR! HAR!
HURRY, FLASH! WE'VE GOT TO CUT HIM OFF!
THERE THEY GO AGAIN — BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT!
30
HAR! HAR! PERCY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ME NOW!
HELP! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
CRUMP!
THAT SHEN SHIT HIM UP!
SHOE SHOP
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH DANGEROUS SPIDERS — STAMP ON THEM!
DAZE

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
AMMO
IN PENNY'S DAD'S GARDEN SHED...
HEH! HEH! PLAYING AT WITCHES IS GREAT FUN! FAIR IS FOUL AS FOUL IS FAIR...! ZZ
CACKLE! CACKLE!
WITCH'S BREW
OUCH! REALLY, PENNY! WHY CAN'T YOU PLAY NICE GAMES LIKE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS?
PRICK!
PUT THAT SMELLY CAULDRON AWAY! HERE— YOU CAN PLAY AT NURSES! THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!
HUH! A NURSE'S KIT! THAT'S CISSY!
ROTTEN OL' DAD! WHO WANTS TO BE A FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE? THE LADY OF THE LAMP! IT'S KID'S STUFF!
BETSY WITCH'S BREW
COO! LADY OF THE LAMP, EH? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
IDEA
HEH! HEH! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY BLOW-LAMP?
TELL YOUR MATES TO BUY WEAN AND SMASH!
OOPS! SORRY, MISTER! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO WARM YOU UP! SNIGGER!
YAAGH!
ALLOW ME! HEH! HEH! I'LL BANDAGE THE BURN FOR YOU!
SIZZLE
SIZZLE
HEATED DAZE!
AAGH! HELP! HELP!
HEE! HEE! IT'S NOT SO BAD BEING A NURSE, AFTER ALL!
OOPS! CARELESS OL' ME! I'VE BURNT BERTIE'S BREECHES!
YARGO!
TEE! HEE! BOTTOMS UP!
BOO! HOO!
SIZZLE
HEH! HEH! JUST WATCH MY ROPE TRICK!


SEE? IT'S MUCH MORE INTERESTING! WHEN HE DOES IT LIKE THAT! SNIGGER!
KERUMF!
WAAH! ROTTEN OLD PENNY! I CAN'T SEE A THING! CALL YOURSELF A NURSE?
COO! SOME FOLKS ARE NEVER SATISFIED! I BANDAGED HIS HEAD FOR HIM, DIDN'T I?
H'MM! WHAT NOW?
TWO-ROOMED HOUSES— FROM ONLY £10,000!
COO! THIS COULD BE FUN!
CEMENT
TWO-ROOMED HOUSES— FROM ONLY £10,000!
THE POOR BLOKE'S TEA IS COLD! I'LL HEAT IT UP FOR HIM! SNIGGER!
M'MM! I FANCY A SIP OF MY CHAR! IT SHOULD BE COOL BY NOW!
JUST WATCH THIS!
AIEE! THE MUG! IT'S RED HOT! HELP! HELP!
FEAR NOT, SIR! I WILL BANDAGE IT FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!
?
FLIPPING KIDS! SHE BANDAGED THE WRONG HAND— AND MY SANDWICH AS WELL!
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO ME! HAR! HAR!
GRRR! SO THERE YOU ARE! BURN THROUGH MRS MALONEY'S CLOTHES' ROPE, WOULD YOU?
ERK! IT'S MUM!
IF YOU WANT SOME BANDAGING TO DO, I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY!
G-GULP!
YOUR CLOTHES!
BAH! THIS IS THE LAST BIT OF BANDAGING I'M DOING! IT'S HOT WORK! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
IT'LL BE EVEN HOTTER IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP! GIGGLE!

THE RUBBERMAN!

IT'S THE FINAL ROUND OF THE EPIC BATTLE BETWEEN RUBBERMAN AND THE EVIL DOCTOR FEAR! AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE ODDS ARE AGAINST OUR HERO. . . .
YOU DEVIL, FEAR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE... UUUUHHHH!
I HAVE THREE STUNNER BULLETS! THANKS TO YOU THAT IS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF MY CRIME KINGDOM! ONE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER FRIEND... AND TWO FOR YOU, RUBBERMAN!
YES, YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD, DIDN'T YOU, RUBBERMAN? KILLED IN A BURNING WAXWORKS' MUSEUM. BUT WHEN PART OF THE ROOF FELL IN, I USED A LADDER THAT WAS THERE TO ESCAPE! AND NOW I FINISH THE DUEL BETWEEN US!
DOCTOR FEAR DRIVES HIS LORRY TOWARDS A NEARBY PRIVATE AIRFIELD . . .
IN MY WALLET I HAVE JUST ENOUGH MONEY TO HIRE AN AIRCRAFT, RUBBERMAN. A FLYING COFFIN FOR YOU AND THAT MEDDLING NEWSPAPERMAN!
SOME MINUTES LATER...
THE GUY WHO HIRED THAT PLANE TOOK SOMETHING FROM THAT LORRY. BUT I WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE WHAT IT WAS!
WHO CARES WHAT HE TAKES WITH HIM, JUST SO LONG AS HE BRINGS THE KITE BACK!
BUT FEAR HAS NO INTENTION OF RETURNING THE AIRCRAFT...
CLICK!
HE'S LOCKED US IN! AND HE'S ABOUT TO PARACHUTE SAFELY DOWN TO EARTH!
I SEE YOU HAVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, RUBBERMAN. JUST IN TIME FOR ME TO BID YOU... GOODBYE FOR EVER!
BUT EVEN AS THE DOOMED PLANE LOSES CONTROL...
HE'S WRECKED THE CONTROLS! BUT HAVE TRUST IN ME, NAT! WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!
AS DOCTOR FEAR'S 'CHUTE OPENS...
HEY?!? UUUHHH!
THEN...
COME ON, NAT!
A THOUSAND CURSES! IF ONLY I HAD ONE MORE STUNNER BULLET LEFT!

RUBBERMAN IS TUGGED AWAY FROM THE EARTH-BOUND AIRCRAFT...
YOU BROUGHT US UP HERE, FEAR. YOU TAKE US DOWN!
DOCTOR FEAR SCREAMS AS THE GROUND RUSHES UPWARDS...
YOU'RE STOPPING THE PARACHUTE FROM OPENING PROPERLY!
THAT'S WHAT KEEPS HAPPENING TO ME THESE DAYS, FEAR. I KEEP GETTING TANGLED UP WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS!
IT'S TOO LATE! EVEN IF IT OPENS NOW IT... AAAHHH!
RUBBERMAN COILS HIS BODY AS HE LEAPS CLEAR OF THE TANGLING ROPES...
..GOT TO SHIELD ...NAT..!
AAARGH!
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US..?
CRASH!
IT'S OKAY, NAT! WE'RE JUST COMING DOWN FOR A THREE-POINT LANDING. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
THEY FALL ON TO CUSHIONING HAY...
CORRECTION! IT WAS A TWO-POINT LANDING!
OOOF!
THIS TIME THERE WAS NO DOUBT DOCTOR FEAR WOULD NEVER AGAIN BRING TERROR TO MANKIND!
IT WAS A BAD END—EVEN FOR AN EVIL MAN LIKE HIM!
TWO DAYS LATER, AT NEW YORK AIRPORT...
THERE HE IS! THERE'S RUBBERMAN!
HE'S OFF TO INDIA! TO FIND THE FAKIR THAT TURNED HIM INTO RUBBER!
RUBBERMAN AND HIS NEWSPAPER FRIEND SAY GOODBYE!
IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU, NAT. YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD AND COURAGEOUS FRIEND. AND A GOOD REPORTER, TOO!
IT'S BEEN AN HONOUR KNOWING YOU, RUBBERMAN!
AS THE AIRLINER TAKES TO THE SKY...
YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH HIM, NAT! THINK OF THE STORIES YOU MIGHT GET!
I KNOW! BUT THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN TO RUBBERMAN, I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE STOOD THE STRAIN MUCH LONGER!
THINK YOU CAN TAKE THE STRAIN? WE'RE WARNING YOU, IT'S THE START OF A REAL THRILLER NEXT WEEK!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

COO! IT'S MY HIDING PLACE— ONE OF MY FAVOURITE PROGRAMMES!
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, MATE! THERE'S NO HIDING PLACE IN THERE! I'M GETTING OUT BEFORE THAT SUPERINTENDENT LOCKHART NABS ME! HE'S A TERROR!
HELP! ONE OF THE BADDIES HAS COME OUT!
RIGHT, SONT ALL KIDS HAVE A SECRET HIDING PLACE. TAKE ME TO YOURS!— AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!
Y-YES, SIR! GULP!
THAT'S IT, MISTER! NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT EXCEPT ME!
GOOD! NOW GO AND GET ME SOME GRUB! I'M STARVING!
HO! HO! I'VE GOT HIM! HE CAN'T GET OUT NOW!
HELP! HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I CAN'T GET OUT!
GET HIM SOME GRUB? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'LL GET SUPERINTENDENT LOCKHART OUT OF THE TELLY!
SMART GUY! I'VE GOT OUT! NOW TO FIX THAT LITTLE TWERP! NO ONE DOUBLE-CROSSES FLASH FRED!
SUPERINTENDENT LOCKHART! SUPERINTENDENT—
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, KID? YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER! I SWITCHED OFF THE TELLY! HEH! HEH! HEH!
OH, NO! IT'S HIM! HOW DID HE GET OUT?
I CAN'T TRUST YOU TO GO FOR GRUB, SO I'LL HAVE TO EAT ALL YOUR SWEETS!
MY WHOLE WEEK'S SWEET RATION! IT AIN'T FAIR!
GOSH! THERE'S THE REMOTE CONTROL FOR MY TELLY! IF ONLY I COULD REACH IT! BUT HOW? HE'S GOT EYES LIKE A HAWK!!

COO! THAT'S CLEVER! CAN I HAVE A TRY?
HUH! IT TAKES YEARS OF PRACTISE! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A KID LIKE YOU TO MASTER IT!
HO! HO! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? LOOK AT THAT! HAW! HAW!
CHARLIE'S NOT SO DAFT, HE'S BEEN A SWEET TOSSER, FIRST-CLASS, FOR MANY YEARS. NOW HE'S SCORED A BULL'S-EYE ON THE TELLY REMOTE CONTROL PANEL...
RIGHT, FRED! THE GAMES UP!!
AAGH! THE TELLY'S ON! B-BUT HOW?
COME QUIETLY, LAD!
BOO! HOO! IT ISN'T FAIR! THERE JUST ISN'T A HIDING PLACE FOR US BAD LADS!
THANKS, CHARLIE! THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS!
HUH! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, BUT THAT CROOK'S EATEN NEARLY ALL MY SWEETS!
???
JUST YOU KEEP YOUR TELLY SWITCHED ON, CHARLIE! YOU WON'T REGRET IT!
HUH! HERE COME THE COMMERCIALS! HOW CAN LOCKHART HELP ME NOW?
BUY DARTMOOR DELIGHT, THE CHOC BARS WITH A DIFFERENCE! DON'T BE A PRISONER WITHOUT BARS! GET SOME TODAY!
YEOW! IT'S SUPERINTENDENT LOCKHART! HE'S DOING A COMMERCIAL!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? QUICK! TAKE SOME, BEFORE THE PRODUCER SPOTS ME!
COO! NOT HALF! THANKS!
HO! HO! I KNOW A PLACE TO HIDE THOSE CHOC BARS WHERE NO ONE CAN GET THEM - IN MY TUM! HEE! HEE!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

AFTER HIS HISTORIC BATTLE WITH THE AVENGERS, THE HULK TAKES REFUGE IN THE SEA. BUT AFTER DAYS OF BEING ADRIFT IN THE ATLANTIC, EVEN HIS IMMENSE STRENGTH BEGINS TO WEAKEN.

LOOK! IT'S THE HULK! HE..HE'LL DROWN US ALL!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SAILOR! HE'S MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE! PUT HIM ON DECK AND NOTIFY WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY!
OOF! PULL HARDER! HE MUST WEIGH A TON!

LITTLE DOES THE HULK REALIZE THAT HIS EVERY MOVEMENT IS BEING FOLLOWED BY THE MONARCH OF THE SEA, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!!

THE HULK'S STRENGTH WILL RETURN SOONER THAN THE HUMANS SUSPECT! AND WHEN IT DOES... AND WHEN HE ABANDONS THE SHIP... I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!!

TRUE TO NAMOR'S PREDICTION, THE MATCHLESS STRENGTH OF THE HULK DOES RETURN IN A SHORT TIME AND THEN...
THAT SMALL DESERTED ISLAND... JUST THE PLACE FOR ME!

I CAN GRAB ME A PASSING SHIP ANYTIME I WANT TO!
BUT FIRST, I WANT A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE ALONE... WHERE I CAN PLAN MY NEXT MOVES AGAINST THE HUMAN RACE THAT HATES ME!

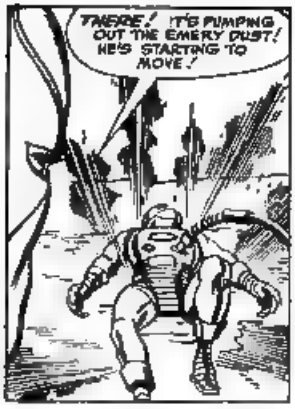
BUT WHEN THE MIGHTY CREATURE REACHES THE ISLE, HE FINDS...
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, HULK! AND YOU SHOULD BE FLATTERED! FOR, NORMALLY, THE SUB-MARINER WAITS FOR NOBODY!
THE SUB-MARINER!!

GET OFF THIS ISLAND, FISH-MAN! I'M SICK OF LOOKIN' AT PUNY HUMANS! SICK OF THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES!
BRAIN-LESS DOLT! YOU CALL ME HUMAN? I AM NAMOR, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS!

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE! YOU LOOK LIKE A HUMAN AND THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WANT TO TOSS YOU CLEAR BACK TO THE MAIN-LAND!
WHAT?! YOU DARE LAY A HAND ON MY ROYAL PERSONAGE?!

YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, LANDBOUND CLOD! AND THIS IS YOUR FIRST LESSON!
YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', LITTLE MAN?! YOU SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF TOO MUCH!
THIS'LL QUIET YOU DOWN FOR A WHILE .. LIKE FOREVER!
YOU STILL THINK YOU ARE DEALING WITH A HELPLESS HUMAN, DO YOU?! WELL, WE SHALL SEE!
IT IS SAID THAT YOU ARE THE STRONGEST LIVING CREATURE ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH!
WELL, KNOW YOU THIS, NAMOR IS STRONGEST OF ALL THE SEA CREATURES!
AND ONCE I AM IN THE WATER MY OWN NATURAL ELEMENT, MY POWER WILL EVEN EXCEED YOURS!!
NOTHIN'S STRONGER THAN THE HULK! NOT ON LAND OR SEA OR ANYWHERE!
YOU WITLESS FOOL! YOU DARE TO DOUBT A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD?!
HERE MANY FATHOMS IN THE DEEP, YOU ARE AT MY MERCY! HERE I AM SUPREME!
NOW WHILE YOU'RE REELING AS I NEED DO IS SWIM AROUND YOU AT WHIPLASH SPEED TO CREATE A WHIRLPOOL WHICH WILL DRAIN ALL YOUR REMAINING STRENGTH!
I TRUST I HAVE MADE MY POINT CLEAR, HULK!
YOU ARE THE STRONGEST OF LAND CREATURES!
...WHILE I AM COMPLETELY INVINCIBLE... WHEN IN THE SEA!
WE BOTH SHARE A BURNING HATRED FOR THE HUMAN RACE! IF WE ACT TOGETHER, WE CAN BRING HUMANITY TO IT'S KNEES!
YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO TEAM UP WITH YOU?
WELL, MAYBE IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA AT THAT! YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH FOR A LITTLE GUY!
THE HUMANS ARE MY SWORN ENEMIES BECAUSE OF THEM I HAVE LOST MY BIRTHRIGHT MY PEOPLE EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR!
I DON'T GO FOR ALL THAT FLOWERY TALK BUT I HATE HUMANS, TOO!
THEN IT IS AGREED! OUR FIRST MISSION SHALL BE TO DELIVER A SMASHING DEFEAT TO THE ACCURSED AVENGERS!
I SHALL SUMMON MY ELECTRONICALLY-CONTROLLED COMMAND SHIP TO TAKE US TO OUR DESTINATION!
BUT ONCE INSIDE THE SHIP...
I'LL STRING ALONG FOR A WHILE THEN SMASH HIM WHEN HE'S OFF GUARD!
HE'S TOO STRONG! TOO UNDEPENDABLE! WHEN HE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE, I'LL DESTROY HIM!
HOURS LATER, NAMOR'S POWERFUL COMMAND CRAFT SECRETLY GLIDES UNDER THE SURFACE TO A MOORING IN THE SHADOWS OF MIGHTY GIBRALTAR!
THIS IS WHERE WE SHALL BATTLE THE AVENGERS! FOR HERE WE HAVE BOTH LAND AND WATER. OUR STRENGTH CAN BE USED TO BEST ADVANTAGE!
SURE, SURE! IF YOU SAY SO, FISH MAN!

LATER, AT AVENGERS H.Q....
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, THE MESSAGE IS GENUINE! SUB-MARINER AND THE HULK HAVE JOINED FORCES... AND CHALLENGE US TO BATTLE!
THEN THIS TIME THERE CAN BE NO PULLING OF PUNCHES... NO MERCY ASKED OR GIVEN! YES, BY ASGARD! THIS TIME WE FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, PERHAPS, THE WORLD'S MOST COLOURFUL EVIL-SMASHERS ARRIVE AT GIBRALTAR WITH IN AN EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPE MODEL OF A NEW DEEP SEA JET BATHYSCAPH DESIGNED AND BUILT AT THE WEAPONS FACTORY OF ANTHONY STARK.
HERE WE ARE! THAT TONY STARK SURE CAN BUILD A SUB!
WISH WE COULD HAVE A TALENT LIKE HIS IN THE AVENGERS!
YOU'VE GOT ME GAL! TOO BAD YOU DON'T KNOW THAT STARK AND IRON MAN ARE THE SAME FELLA!
LET US BE CAREFUL! THEY SAID THEY WOULD BE WAITING IN THESE OLD CAVES UNDER THE GIANT ROCK.
THESE CAVES WERE USED BY THE BRITISH IN WORLD WAR II AND LATER ABANDONED!
INTERESTING! I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE STILL WEAPONS HERE WHICH THEY LEFT BEHIND!
LOOK OUT! I SEE ONE OF THOSE WEAPONS UP AHEAD!
THE WASP IS RIGHT! FOR DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE AVENGERS...
THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME! WE CAN'T STOP 'EM WITH AN OLD HOWITZER SHELL!
I AM AWARE OF THAT, SLOW-WITTED ONE! BUT IT MIGHT MAKE THOR HURL HIS HAMMER AND AS SOON AS IT LEAVES HIS HAND... WE STRIKE!
BUT MIGHTY THOR DOES NOT HURL HIS GREAT WEAPON! INSTEAD...
STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU!
NO, THOR! IT WON'T AFFECT US, BUT THE EXPLOSION MAY INJURE THE WASP! LET ME HANDLE IT!
THERE! I CAN MAKE THE SHELL REVERSE ITS TRAJECTORY WITH MY MAGNETIC REPULSERS!
IT'S HEADING RIGHT BACK TOWARDS HULK AND SUB-MARINER
AND BECAUSE OF LOVELY LITTLE ME! HOW GALLANT!
DUCK, YOU PONDEROUS, SLOW-MOVING CLOD! YOU MUST NOT BE INJURED WHILE I HAVE NEED FOR YOUR BRUTISH STRENGTH!
HE THINKS I'M JUST SOME KIND OF STOOGE! BUT WE'LL LIVE TO REGRET THOSE WORDS BEFORE I'M DONE!
NO ONE KNOWS HOW MANY TRANSISTOR-POWERED WEAPONS IRON MAN HAS AT HIS CONTROL! AND SO...
I SHALL PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION FIRST! LIKE THIS!
HE HIT ME WITH AN EMERY DUST PELLET! IT'LL MAKE MY METAL JOINTS STIFFEN! I NEVER EXPECTED...
GO TO HIS AID, MY GIANT ALLY! I SHALL KEEP OUR TWO FOES AT BAY WITH MY ENCHANTED MALLET!
NEVER END ANYTHING HAPPEN SO FAST! HE'S STEP AS A BOARD... CAN'T MOVE!
WASP! FLY THROUGH THESE CAVES QUICKLY!! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY OLD ABANDONED OXYGEN EQUIPMENT WHICH MAY STILL BE OPERATIONAL!
WILL DO, LOVER BOY!
FOR THE NEXT FEW SECONDS, AS THE WONDERFUL FLYING WASP FRANTICALLY SEARCHES THE WINDING CAVES THOR'S THUNDERING HAMMER RICOCHETS FROM WALL TO WALL.
NEVER HAVE I WITNESSED SUCH AN AWESOME DISPLAY OF NAKED POWER!
AND EXACTLY 58 SECONDS LATER
TO ME, MY WONDROUS MALLET!
GOOD WORK WASP! JUST WHAT I WANTED!
THIS OLD AIR-RAID LIFE-SAVING EQUIPMENT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!


THERE! IT'S PUMPING OUT THE EMERY DUST! HE'S STARTING TO MOVE!

MEANTIME ...
THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING ELSE! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW!
TOGETHER THEY'RE SO POWERFUL .. I-I'M WORRIED, FOR THE FIRST TIME!

THE AVENGERS ARE JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL! NOW STAY BACK, FISH MAN! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THE HULK CAN DO!
I'LL HUMOUR THE THICK SKINNED FOOL FOR NOW.. WHILE I STILL NEED AN ALLY!

COVER YOUR EARS, LITTLE MAN! THEY'LL HEAR THIS HALF-WAY TO CALCUTTA!

NOT HAVING TIME TO TAKE COVER, THE UNSEEN WASP BEARS THE FULL BRUNT OF THE HULK'S SAVAGE EAR DRUM-SHATTERING BLOW AS THE TINY ADVENTURESS SUDDENLY BLACKS OUT

SECONDS LATER, STILL DAZED AND WEAK, SHE TRIES VALIANTLY TO DODGE THE STONES WHICH FALL ALL AROUND HER
TH THEY MAY BE ONLY PEBBLES, BUT THEY'RE . KE HUGE BOULDERS TO ME!

BUT BEFORE THE HULK CAN LAUNCH ANOTHER BLOW IN H S EFFORT TO BRING THE WALLS DOWN UPON THE AVENGERS, THE FIGHTING-MAD TRIO THUNDERS TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND..
THEY DON T SEE ME I'LL BE TRAMPLED!

WHEW! THANK HEAVENS THE GROUND HERE IS SO UNEVEN!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING A LONE WOLF! I AM NOT LEAVING GIANT-MAN'S SHOULDER AGAIN TILL WE RE OUT OF HERE!

WHILE DIRECTLY ABOVE THE AVENGERS
YOUR FISTS ARE TOO SLOW, MY BESTIAL PARTNER I HAVE MODIFIED THIS OLD AIR RAID ALARM SO THAT ITS SHRILL HIGH PIERCING BLAST WILL DESTROY ANY L-VING BEING WHO COMES TOO CLOSE!

BUT SUDDENLY
YOU'RE TOO LITTLE TO BE PLAYING WITH SUCH DANGEROUS TOYS, FELLA!
WELL DONE, GIANT MAN!

THOUGH YOU ARE TWICE MY SIZE, MY STRENGTH IS STILL FAR GREATER THAN YOURS!
UGHH!
I WON'T INTERFERE! I WANNA SEE HOW GOOD THAT SKINNY FISH FACE IS WITH-OUT ME!

BUT BEFORE THE SEA MONARCH CAN SHIFT HIS WE GHT N ORDER TO EXERT THE MAXIMUM PRESSURE
HE'S ALL YOURS, THOR GRAB IM!

NO, THOR IS TOO ANGRY! SOMETIMES HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!
WE DON'T WANT TO KILL SUB-MARINER JUST REASON WITH H M! I'LL TRY TO STOP HIM W TH MY MAGNETIC REPULSER!
MORE AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES..

THAT WAS YOUR FIRST M STAKE, PUNY HUMAN ! I EXPECT NO MERCY AND I GIVE NONE !
TAKEN BY SURPRISE, IRON MAN RECEIVES A CRUSHING BLOW WHICH DAMAGES HIS LIFE-G VING TRANSISTORS !
WHAM!
C CAN'T CONTINUE BATTLE ! MUST REPAIR CHEST DEVICE . IF TRANSISTORS STOP FUNCTION-ING I M DOOMED!!
AND NOW TO FINISH TH.S CHARADE !
BACK , SUB-MARINER ! DO NOT FORCE ME TO STRIKE YOUR MORTAL BODY WITH MY ALL-POWERFUL MALLET !
ALL-POWERFUL, BAH ! I'LL PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL HOW OVER-RATED YOU ARE , YOU COSTUMED CLOWN !
YOU'RE THE CLOWN, FLAT-HEAD IF YOU THINK YOU CAN LICK THOR ALONE!
BUT NOW THAT YOU PROVED YOU CAN FIGHT, I'LL JUST STEP IN AND LEND YOU A HAND!
ONCE I GET THIS MAGIC WAR CLUB AWAY FROM HIM, THE RESTLL BE EASY !
NOTHING THAT L VES CAN PRY MY HAMMER FROM THE HAND OF THOR!
YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO SOME WEAKLING, THUNDER GOD ! I M STILL THE HULK .. AND I CAN DO ANYTHING !
UNGHH ! HE WAS RIGHT ! IT'S BOTH MY HANDS AGAINST HIS ONE AND I CAN T BUDGE THE THING !
BUT I GOTTA KEEP TRYIN' ! I-I M TWICE HIS SIZE ! I'M THE HULK.. THE HULK !!
UNEXPECTEDLY, AT THAT VERY SPLIT SECOND THE MIGHTY THOR RELEASES HIS GRIP ON THE MJ HAMMER AND IT WHIPS THROUGH THE CANE . IKE A THING ALIVE !
I WEARY OF THIS GAME ! THE HAMMER IS YOURS IF YOU CAN GRASP IT MY MUSCLES ACHE FOR BATTLE, NOT TESTS OF STRENGTH !
STAY BACK HULK I LL GET THE HAMMER I M FASTER THAN YOU
FOOL ! DO YOU STILL NOT SEE THAT NONE BUT THOR CAN POSSESS MY MALLET ?!
TO ME AGAIN MY ENCHANTED CLUB !
NONE MUST EVER LEARN THAT I RETURN TO MY MORTAL IDENTITY AS DR BLAKE IF MY HAMMER IS EVER OUT OF MY HAND FOR MORE THAN SIXTY SECONDS !
HULK ! WHERE ARE YOU ? I NEED YOU NOW ! TO MY SIDE, YOU LUMBERING OAF !
STEP ASIDE THOR ! I WANT ANOTHER CRACK AT THIS ARROGANT LITTLE FREAK !
YOU'LL NEVER CALL ME NAMES LIKE THAT AGAIN, NAMOR ! I'LL HELP YOU, ALL RIGHT AND WHEN WE'VE BEATEN THE AVENGERS I'LL FINISH YOU NEXT !

But before the massive human dreadnaught can reach his ally a sudden change comes over him, and there, in the gloom of the underground cave
NO! NO!
I-I've become Bob Banner again! It must have been the excitement the stress... I'm my normal self!
They haven't seen me yet! They mustn't! There's still a chance! If I run... I can still escape, while they battle Namor!
In another few seconds we might have won, or been destroyed ourselves! But now we'll never know!
Perhaps it's better this way! As Bob Banner, I've no hatred for the Avengers... I've nothing but a desire to flee to safety!
Still think you're stronger than me, little man?!
My power is leaving me because I have been out of the water for so long!
I need the Hulk! Where is he?! Has he deserted me?
Hold him thus, giant man, while I find the Hulk! Again victory is now within our grasp!
But in a last effort Namor uses his winged feet to whirl himself around, and...
This will prove that none can defeat the monarch of the sea!
Iron Man has repaired his armour! I'll drive Namor towards him with my hammer!
As Thor from Sed, his hammer whirls around Namor, driving him into the magnetic repulser field of Iron Man where he is temporarily pinned against the stone wall!
He deserted me! He betrayed me! Now I real ze no human can be trusted! I despise you all!
Now I am free to battle the Hulk!
But there is no trace of him! He has fled!
I've got news for you, brother! It's mutual!
You're growing weaker by the minute, Namor! Why don't you give up? Let's try and talk this out!
Never! While life remains within me, I shall fight you! I shall fight all mankind!
With one last prodigious effort the Sub-Mariner cracks the wall behind him as the water trickling down from above drips upon his steel-muscled body...
Water!! At last! Water!
Then as new strength new power surges into every fibre of his being...
I am free! Nothing can hold me now!
Thor! He'll escape! Only your hammer can stop him! Hurl it!
No! I have too much respect for his valour! Namor has earned his escape!
Thor's right! It's a pity the Sub-Mariner isn't on our side!
We've made a bad mistake! He doesn't fight by our rules! We may live to regret this!
And as the prince of the sea returns to his natural habitat...
Oh, Land I could not defeat them all! But I pray we meet again under the sea! And how different the ending then shall be!
And so, the Avengers return home weary and sad of heart! For they all sense that the adventure they have just concluded is but the prelude to a far bigger & far more dangerous adventure to come!
One thing you have learned to expect from the Smash Group is, 'The unexpected!' Turn two more pages and you'll find the start of a new story which tells you what happened to Prince Namor after he broke off his fight with the Avengers! How's that for service?

THE NERVS

BRRR! I WISH I'D NEVER COME CAMPING! IT'S TOO COLD!

STOP MOANING AND BUILD A FIRE, YOU GREAT NIT!

AND SO...

COO! MY FINGERS ARE NUMB!

CHOP! CHOP!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN ONE OF FATTY'S POOR COLD FINGERS...

BRRR! THIS IS TERRIBLE! THIS PLACE IS FREEZING AND WE HAVEN'T ANY FUEL!

YEAH! WE'VE SURE COME UPON HARD TIMES, MATE!

FINGER DEPT.

EMPTY

COAL

YEOW! I'VE GOT A SPLINTER UP MY NAIL!

FINGER DEPT.

TUG!

HALLELUJAH MEN! FATTY'S A REAL PAL SUPPLYING US WITH TIMBER! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!

ALE ON BOYS WE SOON GET THAWED OUT AT THIS RATE

ALE OH! ALRIGHT MATE

BUT FATTY'S NOT TOO HAPPY

OW! OW! OW! MY FINGER'S BEGINNING TO THROB!

THROB!

BACK IN THE FINGER DEPARTMENT...

COUGH! SPLUTTER! THAT'S YOU IDIOTS TO OVERDO IT! FATTY'S BOUND TO TAKE REVENGE ON US ALL NOW!

HELP! MY FINGER FEELS AS IF IT'S BURNING! WATER! GIVE ME WATER!

OOOH! AAHH! THAT'S BETTER!

PSSSS!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE FINGER NERV WAS RIGHT, TOO...

COUGH! SPLUTTER! I TOLD YOU SO! FATTY'S GONE AND DIPPED HIS FINGER IN SOME WATER

PHSSHSH-SSSS!

FINGER DEPT.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH FATTY'S NAIL NEEDS SEALING UP TO STOP THE WATER COMING IN!

OUR LOVELY FIRE - RUINED!

I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS! YOU AND YOU! GET YOUR GEAR ON AND GET OUT AND SEAL UP FATTY'S NAIL WITH THIS VARNISH HE GOT UNDER HIS NAIL PAINTING THE OTHER DAY!
QUICKLY! BEFORE WE ALL DROWN!
ON FATTY'S NAIL...
HMM! WISH FATTY WOULD TAKE HIS HAND OUT OF THE WATER!
PHEW! WHAT A LIFE! FIFTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA!
WOW! HELP! IT'S A SEA MONSTER! RETREAT! BEFORE HE BITES US!
CHOMP!
PHEW! JUST IN TIME!
YEEEOOOWWK! I'VE BEEN BITTEN!
IN THE BLOOD DEPARTMENT...
BLOOD DEP?
RIGHT, MEN! FATTY'S BEEN BITTEN FLOOD SECTION 'A' OF RIGHT FOREFINGER!
CLANG!
PUMP BLOOD
BLOOD PUMP
THAT'S RIGHT! PUMP IT THROUGH TO HIS FINGER!
SLURP!
BLOOD BUCKET
AAGH! MY FINGER IS BLEEDING - I'D BETTER SUCK IT!
IN THE FINGER DEPARTMENT...
I'VE JUST HAD A MESSAGE! FATTY'S PUTTING HIS FINGER IN HIS MOUTH!
THE GOON! HE'LL SUCK ALL THE NAIL VARNISH OFF BEFORE IT'S HAD TIME TO SEAL UP HIS NAIL!
FINGER PUMP
MMM! UMMM! I'VE GOT VARNISH ON MY FINGER! IT'S- MMM - STUCK UP MY MOUTH!
I WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU MEN ON THE WAY IN WHICH YOU HAVE SEALED FATTY'S MOUTH! IT'S THE FIRST TIME IT'S BEEN DONE!
HERE! HERE! CHEERS!
IF YOUR MOUTH'S STUCK YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOME LEMONADE!
MMM UH IT'S NOT LEMONADE WANT, YOU IDIOT! IT'S FIRST AID!

CAPTAIN AMERICA JOINS... THE AVENGERS!

THIS IS THE SORT OF INTRO WE JUST LOVE TO WRITE... BECAUSE ALL WE HAVE TO TELL YOU IS THAT THIS YARN PICKS UP WHERE THIS WEEK'S HULK STORY LEAVES OFF...

...AFTER HIS TREMENDOUS TUSSLE WITH THE AVENGERS, THE SUB-MARINER TAKES REFUGE IN HIS NATIVE ELEMENT—THE SEA!
WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

THINKING HIMSELF BETRAYED BY THE HULK, HIS HATRED OF THE HUMAN RACE GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE, THE VENGEFUL MONARCH OF THE SEA RETURNS TO THE DEEP...
THEY HAVE WON THE FIRST BATTLE, BUT THE FINAL VICTORY WILL YET BE MINE! FOR I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL ALL OF MANKIND PAYS THE HOMAGE WHICH IS RIGHTFULLY DUE TO NAMOR, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS!

DEEPER AND DEEPER SWIMS THE TRAGIC, ALMOST-HUMAN RULER OF THE SEA! BUT NOWHERE IN THE VAST ENDLESS DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN DOES HE FIND THE PEACE HE CRAVES!

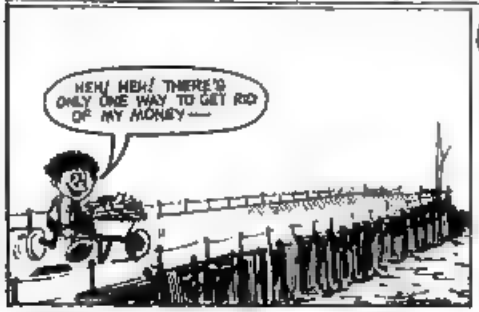
AND NOWHERE DOES HE FIND HIS VANISHED RACE. THE PROUD, ONCE-MIGHTY HORDES OF ATLANTIS, WHO FLED FROM NAMOR WHEN THEY FELT HIS LOYALTY WAS DIVIDED BETWEEN THEM AND THE HUMANS!
GONE ALL GONE! WILL I EVER FIND MY PEOPLE AGAIN?

TO THE TIRELESS PRINCE NAMOR, TIME AND DISTANCE ARE ALMOST MEANINGLESS, AND SO IT IS THAT WE FIND HIM HOURS LATER STANDING ATOP AN ICE FLOW IN THE NORTH SEA, STILL WRAPPED UP IN HIS OWN BITTER THOUGHTS...
I'LL NEVER STOP SEARCHING! I'LL NEVER FORFEIT MY BIRTHRIGHT WHILE A BREATH OF LIFE REMAINS!

BUT FINALLY, HIS DARK MUSINGS ARE INTERRUPTED AS HE SEES...
OH THE ICE AHEAD-- A HUMAN VILLAGE! I SEE MASSES OF ACCURSED HUMANS!
AND THE KEEN-EYED NAMOR IS RIGHT! A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY AN ISOLATED TRIBE OF ESKIMOS BOWS DOWN IN A STRANGE RITUAL...
OH, MIGHTY LORD OF THE FROZEN ICE, HEAR OUR PRAYERS--
THE FOOLS! THEY ARE BOWING TO A PETRIFIED FIGURE FROZEN WITHIN A CAKE OF ICE!
HEAR ME, HUMANS! THIS IS NO HELPLESS IMAGE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU! THIS IS THE SUB-MARINER WHO HAS SWORN VENGEANCE UPON THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!
IT IS THE DREADED NAMOR-- THE LEGENDARY ONE!
RUN, YOU WEAK, HELPLESS MORTALS! FLEE IN TERROR BEFORE THE RIGHTFUL WRATH OF NAMOR! THUS SHALL ALL OF MANKIND ONE DAY SHRIEK IN PANIC AT THE COMING OF THE SUB-MARINER!
AND TAKE YOUR ACCURSED IDOL WITH YOU! GO-- SPREAD THE WORD! LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT NAMOR IS STILL A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH!
BAH! I AM FILLED WITH SHAME! I AM DISGRACED!
HAS THE MIGHTY NAMOR BEEN REDUCED TO FIGHTING HELPLESS, FEARFUL PRIMITIVES?
HIS VERY SOUL IN A TURMOIL, THE FRUSTRATED, MADDENED SUB-MARINER LASHES OUT THOUGHTLESSLY, RECKLESSLY, CAUSING AN AVALANCHE OF ICE IN HIS THUNDEROUS RAGE!
IS THIS ALL MY STRENGTH IS GOOD FOR? TO LASH OUT AT UNCOMPREHENDING ESKIMOS?
RUN! FLEE THE ICE FLOW! WE MUST REACH THE TRADING POST!
THE WORLD MUST BE WARNED OF NAMOR'S RAMPAGE! THE SEA PRINCE HAS GONE MAD!
AND WHAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IMPRISONED WITHIN THE BLOCK OF ICE? SILENTLY IT FLOATS AWAY UNSEEN, UNHEARD...
...UNTIL IT HITS THE WARM WATERS OF THE GULF STREAM WHERE THE ROCK-HARD OUTER ICE SHEATH BEGINS TO SLOWLY MELT...
UNTIL FINALLY-- NAUGHT REMAINS BUT A FROZEN PETRIFIED FIGURE IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION A FIGURE WHICH DRIFTS PAST THE UNDERSEA CRAFT OF-- THE AVENGERS!
STOP THE ENGINES, IRON MAN! THERE IS SOMEONE OUT THERE!
LOOKS LIKE A HUMAN! BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?
CAUTIOUSLY OPENING THE AIR-TIGHT ESCAPE HATCH, THE HUGE HAND OF GIANT-MAN REACHES THE RIGID FIGURE, AND..
I'VE GOT HIM!
WHO CAN HE BE! WHY IS HE FROZEN SOLID!
LOOK! BENEATH HIS TATTERED CLOTHES- SOME SORT OF COLOURFUL COSTUME!
YES - YOU'VE GUESSED IT! THIS FROZEN FIGURE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE LONG-LOST - THE LEGENDARY - CAPTAIN AMERICA! - THE FEARLESS, FABULOUS FREEDOM FIGHTER OF WORLD WAR II! MIRACULOUSLY, HIS BODY HAS BEEN PRESERVED AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF THE YEARS! BUT DOES HE BREATHE? WILL HE - CAN HE - LIVE AGAIN? THERE'S A SENSATIONAL SMASH SESSION AWAITING YOU NEXT WEEK!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



HOLD ON A TICK! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME MONEY TO PAY YOU!
JUST MY LUCK— I PINCH A TAXI AND THIS DOPEY TOFF HIRES ME! STILL, I'D BETTER WAIT OR HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

A NEW FORMULA FOR MAKING FISH, EH? THAT WILL INTEREST THOSE STRINGY OLD CATS!

DAILY! NEW ARTIFICIAL FISH FORMULA FOUND

I'D BETTER GET OVER TO THE FISH-MAKING FACTORY! I'VE A HUNCH THOSE CATS WILL BE UP TO SOMETHING!

ZOOM!..

?

DANGER MOUSE WAS RIGHT...

WE SHOULD GET A GOOD PRICE FOR THIS FORMULA, BUTCH!

CLICK!

YEAH!

FISH FORMULA

NOW WE'VE GOT THE FORMULA ON MICROFILM!

HA! HA! WE'LL BE RICH!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!

TAKE THAT, FAT CHOPS!

POW!

GOSH! I'D BETTER GET RID OF THE MICROFILM!

OKAY, CAT—WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MICROFILM?

W-W- WHAT M-MICROFILM?

AHA! YOU'RE HICCING! SO YOU SWALLOWED IT, EH?

HIC!

HIC!

BURP! PARDON ME!

IT MUST BE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!

CAN'T QUITE REACH IT - I'LL HAVE TO TURN HIM UPSIDE-DOWN AND SHAKE HIM LIKE A PEPPER POT!

CAT'S TONSIL

A LOAD OF FISH BONES— BUT NO MICROFILM!

I'LL HAVE TO BASH THE FILM OUT OF HIM!

OOPH!

BANG!!!

THERE SHE BLOWS! THE TRUTH WILL ALWAYS COME OUT!

THAT'S GOT THE FILM BACK! NOW TO DEAL WITH THE CAT!

N-N-NO! SCREAM! NOT WATER!

HMMM! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN MY SHOES, READERS?

Write to SMASH— and WIN an incredible HULK sweatshirt!

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

We're worried—really worried . . . and we'll tell you why. We love receiving letters from you, but we are getting so many that we'd need a dozen secretaries each working a twenty-five hour day to answer them all! And we're afraid that all you thousands of Smashers who have written to us won't like us any more because we haven't written back. Please say you understand and you don't mind . . . and then we can start sleeping again at nights. But don't think we want you to stop writing, because we don't! Reading your letters, and getting to know you through them, is the happiest job of our week. And while we're on that subject you may like to know how we select the letters we publish. We have a wonderful, carefully-worked-out system. After we have read the week's letters we put them all in a big heap, close our eyes . . . and pick out as many as we have space to publish! And these are the ones which came out of the pile this week.

THIS IS THE SHIRT YOU WIN IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE. SO GET WITH IT!

Dear Alf and Cos,

Several weeks ago you printed a message to Smash readers, urging them to forget pre-exam worries and relax with Smash. The result was letters from irate parents.

I would like to say that at the time I was studying for my "A" levels and followed your advice, following gruelling swot with a much-enjoyed copy of Smash. The result has been that I have passed my "A" levels with grades which permit me to enter University. So thank you Smash!

Rosemary Bower,
Newton, Hants.

Congratulations, Rosemary, from the whole gang of us here in the garret. Here's hoping we also help you on your way through University!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,

I have just heard that you have put the "Fantastic Four" in your other comic the "Wham". This immediately sparked off such an idea that I almost fell off the "Hulk's" cap. Marvel comics have just put out the "Thing" sweatshirt. So since the "Thing" is in the F.F. and the F.F. is in the "Wham" why not give a "Thing" sweatshirt to every reader whose letter is published in "Wham". You do the same with "Hulk" sweatshirts in "Smash". What do you think of my idea?

William Francis,
Boghall Bathgate, West Lothian.

P.S. Hope my letter's not too long to be published!

We reckon that's a great idea, William—we're working on it right now . . . and if everything goes according to plan there'll be THING sweatshirts in WHAM!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Your magazine SMASH is by far the best comic on the English market. Reason?—You feature great stories like the HULK and BATMAN. I am another reader of Marvel comics but I missed some of the early editions of the Incredible Hulk which you now publish. I think although American Super Heroes are great, two are enough for SMASH, and even without these articles your comic is still by far the best. The SMASH is also unique in the fact that it has adventure stories in the same proportions as funnies. In one SMASH 49% was funnies, 43% adventure, 3% Quiz articles, 3% letters and 2% advertising. I compliment you on the wide space used in advertising in the SMASH.

Apart from your two great features you still have good supporting stories like THE RUBBERMAN and THE NERVS. Therefore I'll end up where I began by saying your mag. is the greatest.

So keep up the good work.

J. P. Taylor,
Beckenham, Kent.

We promise to keep up the good work if you promise to keep buying SMASH.

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos

I think "The Hulk" is great and absolutely fabulous. Also disagree with Stewart Palmer about having more of The Swots and the Blots and other funny stories. Here is my result on the stories in the Smash

The Hulk 2. Batman and Robin. 3. The Fantastic Four 4. The Rubberman. 5. The Legend Testers. 6. Bad Penny. 7. Charlie's Chance. 8. Percy's Pets. 9. Ronnie Rich. 10. The Swots and the Blots.

Gordon Keir
Prestwick, Ayrshire

Ever since they appeared with the H.U.L.K. the Fantastic Four have been getting a high rating from lots of readers. They appear each week in WHAM. Gordon, but you will probably be interested to know that they will be guest-starring again in SMASH very shortly.

Alf and Cos.

* * *

That's it for this week. But before we go we must tell you the astonishing news that Rick Jones is going to desert the H.U.L.K.! You'll learn more about this in the next instalment of the Avengers yarn which has just started. And in WHAM this week the Fantastic Four are battling it out with the Miracle Man. Talking of WHAM, we're thinking of putting something on the front covers of both SMASH and WHAM which would show that they're companion papers. What about a small stamp with the words "A Power Comic"? Then we could all be members of The Power Pack! Let us know what you think.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Fill in this form—send it in with your letters, and your wish will be our command.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH!, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THIS WEEK IN WHAM!

THE FANTASTIC FOUR —versus— THE LIVING MONSTER!

THE THING!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
HEE HEE! THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO! PINCH THE POLICE TEA FUND MY PLAN'S COMPLETE! IT CAN'T FAIL!
HUH! WE'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE!
AT THE LOCAL COP SHOP
TEA UP! COME AND GET IT! AND HELP YOURSELF TO THE SUGAR!
I'LL HAVE TO BOOK HER FOR SPEEDIN'!
WANTED
GRAB!
WASTE PAPER
HELP YOURSELF? HAR! HAR! I'LL DO JUST THAT!
HEH! HEH! I REPLACED THE SUGAR LUMPS WITH 'KAYO CUBES'
HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR OUR TEA?
HSSSSS!
TEE! HEH! THE FOOLS! NOW THE WAY IS CLEAR!
SWOOSH!
I HAVE GOT THE POLICE TEA FUND AT LAST! HAR! HAR! I'LL BE RICH! RICH!
THAT CLOT! HE ALWAYS LEAVES A LOOPHOLE! YOU SEE — I DON'T TAKE SUGAR!
WHOOSH!
CRUNCH!
I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!
THOSE AREN'T PAIN WAVES— THEY'RE RADIO WAVES! GRIMLY HAS A RADIO TRANSMITTER IN HIS BONCE!
BACK AT H.Q.
OOO! THAT CLOT GRIMLY'S IN TROUBLE! WHAT A TWIT!
VEE-OW!
WE'D BETTER HELP THE OLD GOAT OUT, FEEND!
THIS'LL DO NICELY!
SECONDS LATER..
CRIKEY! IT'S SCARFACE BLITCH!
THAD!
STAMP!
THAT'S GOT HIM OUT OF TROUBLE TILL NEXT WEEK, BACK TO H.Q.
UNCLE GRIMLY IS ALWAYS MAKING ME LOSE MY HEAD!
ZOOM!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS. AFTER MEETING THE MIGHTY MINATAUR THEY FIND THEMSELVES ON THE DREAD MARSHES OF LERNA...

IT'S A *NIGHTMARE!* WE'RE *SURROUNDED!*

THESE LOATHSOME CREATURES CANNOT *HARM* YOU, DANNY! THEY'RE COMPOSED OF THE MIST WHICH RISES FROM THIS EVIL PLACE!

BUT THERE IS A *REAL* — A *TERRIBLE*-DANGER WHICH THREATENS US! FOR HERE ON THE MARSHES OF LERNA DWELLS ONE OF THE MOST *DREADFUL* CREATURES OF ALL! *THE HYDRA!*

AND NOW, AS THEY NEAR THE VERY HEART OF THE MARSH, SMALL HEAPS OF BONES GLISTEN WHITELY!

LOOK! ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF THE HYDRA'S VICTIMS!

ROLLO! DO YOU SEE HOW THE EARTH BENEATH US BUBBLES AND TREMBLES!

AS THOUGH SOME *THING* IS FORCING ITS WAY UP FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE...

AND THEN - BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES — THE EARTH ERUPTS IN A SHOWER OF FOUL SMELLING MUD!

AAAGH!

AGAINST SUCH A *THING* AS THE *HYDRA* I DOUBT WHETHER THIS *SWORD* WILL AID US ANY MORE THAN IT AIDED THE POOR WRETCH TO WHOM IT BELONGED! BUT AT LEAST IT WILL ENABLE US TO DIE *FIGHTING!*

AND ROLLO AND DANNY FACE — *THE HYDRA!*

ALMOST BEFORE THEY HAVE TAKEN IN THE FULL HORROR OF THE SIGHT, THE NINE-HEADED MONSTER IS UPON THEM!
ONE, AT LEAST, OF THIS CREATURE'S HIDEOUS HEADS SHALL FALL TO MY SWORD!
THE HEAVY SWORD FLASHES DOWN, SEVERING BONE, FLESH AND MUSCLE!
NOW THERE IS ONE HEAD LESS TO ATTACK US!
BUT ROLLO HAS OVERLOOKED ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE ASPECTS OF THE HYDRA! ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IF ONE OF ITS HEADS IS CUT OFF TWO MORE GROW IN ITS PLACE!
AND NOW, WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE SWIFTNESS, TWO SMALL HEADS APPEAR ON THE STUMP FROM WHICH THE OTHER HEAD HAS BEEN CUT OFF!
AND BEFORE THE INCREDULOUS EYES OF THE LEGEND TESTERS, THE TWO NEW HEADS, WITHIN SECONDS, GROW TO FULL SIZE!
BE ON YOUR GUARD, DANNY! IT'S COMING TO ATTACK US AGAIN!
NOW IT HAS TEN HEADS! HOW CAN SUCH A CREATURE EVER BE DEFEATED?
AND AS ROLLO AND DANNY WAGE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HOPELESS BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES, LET US RETURN TO THE LABYRINTH — WHERE THE MINATAUR WAITS WITH HIS HORNED HEAD RAISED ANXIOUSLY TO THE SKIES...
NO ONE COMES! IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE SUMMONS I GAVE WAS NOT HEEDED...
...AND NOW, WITHOUT DOUBT, THE TWO MORTALS WILL PERISH IN THE MARSH!
BUT THEN IN THE DISTANT SKY APPEARS A TINY SPECK...
THERE IS HOPE YET! HE COMES!
WITH EACH PASSING SECOND THE SPECK GROWS LARGER — UNTIL IT TAKES THE SHAPE OF A GREAT WINGED HORSE... THE LEGENDARY PEGASUS!
YOU GAVE THE SUMMONS, MINATAUR! WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF PEGASUS?
TWO MORTALS — TWO MEN WHO DID ME A SERVICE, ARE AT THIS MOMENT IN THE MARSHES OF LERNA!
I CLAIM THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FOUR-FOOTED ONES — AND IN THAT NAME I ASK YOU TO AID THEM!
YOU KNOW THAT I MAY NOT REFUSE A REQUEST MADE IN THE NAME OF THE FELLOWHOOD.
I WILL GO TO THE MARSHES! I WILL RISK THE HYDRA'S WRATH! BUT THE ERRAND IS A HOPELESS ONE — FOR NO MORTAL HAS EVER LEFT THE HOME OF THE HYDRA ALIVE!
TRAPPED IN THE MARSHES OF LERNA WITH A CREATURE LIKE THE HYDRA FOR COMPANY! THERE MUST BE WORSE SPOTS TO BE IN — BUT FRANKLY, RIGHT AT THIS MINUTE WE CAN'T THINK OF ONE! YOU'LL BE STAGGERED, SHOCKED, SHATTERED (AND SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) AT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WEEK!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

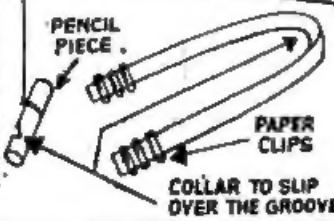
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

"Up James!"

JAMES is just a piece of pencil about six inches long. He hangs freely by a length of thread, just as my drawing shows. There is a groove cut across his back about a third of the way along. See it? James is dead simple to make, Knowalls—but he's not doing much just dangling in space like that.

So let's make him a collar out of a strip of stiffish card, three-quarters of an inch wide and about 20 inches long, and slip four or five paper clips (or safety pins) at each end of the collar.

Now just slip the collar onto the groove in James's back—AND WATCH OUT FOR MAGIC!



Ask Mr Knowall . . .

"O.K!—I will," said Ian Long of Co. Durham—and he wrote to ask me how we got the word 'clumsy'.

Simple, Ian. It was brought over from Scandinavia and originally meant 'numbed with cold'.

Well, you know how your fingers act when they are numbed—they drop things and you wouldn't be surprised to hear someone yell: "CLUMSY!" would you?

CAN *YOU* SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

WHILE spying on a strange-looking oil rig, BUNGLE discovers that it is really a rocket launcher being erected by the sinister Dr Doom. But then our agent is spotted!

Trapped by the sheer cliff-face behind, and confronted by Doom's howling hoard, how can BUNGLE escape with the vital information?

All the clues are in the picture, so see if YOU can work it out before you look at the answer.

Farmer Giles has 5 half-size haystacks in one corner of his field, and 4 three-quarter haystacks in another.

How many haystacks would he have if he put them all together? *Think* before you answer this one.

Five and a half, you say? WRONG! If he puts them all TOGETHER, he'll have ONE haystack!

The same farmer has TEN horses—but he only has NINE stables.

These horses are pretty wild, so he can't put two of them together.

But that's his problem. There IS a way to get ten horses into nine stables—as you'll see at the bottom of the page.

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

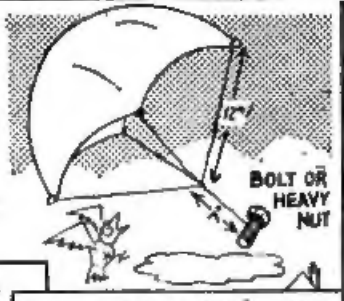
The feature I don't like is:

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

An old handkerchief (even a strong paper one) makes a smashing model parachute if you put it together as my drawing shows.

To get it to work really well, hold the top of the handkerchief, then swinging it round and round in an upward direction, let go when you get real power into your swing.

It will soar up to a surprising height—then float slowly to earth, sailing in the slightest breeze.



UH?

What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

A centipede with sore feet.

What makes a farmer angry?

Treading on his corns.

VANISHING PEN

No, you don't need to fill it with invisible ink. Any old ball-point—or even a pencil will do.

Anyway, with the help of your handkerchief, you are going to make it disappear in full view of your audience.

Hold it up for everyone to see.

Now, covering the hand holding it with your handkerchief, raise your forefinger—and, at the same time, allow the pen to slip into your upturned sleeve. Your mates will think that your raised forefinger is the pencil.

Master the magic words "SMASHAN-WHAM!" and whip away the handkerchief to reveal your EMPTY hand.

DID YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

BUNGLE grabs a piece of pipeline and, dashing to the edge of the hill, climbs inside it.

He then hurls himself down the hill, in steamroller his way through the advancing gang, protected by the heavy pipe.

TEN HORSE PROBLEM

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
T	E	N	H	O	R	S	E	S

IN THE OFFICIAL BATMAN PLAY OUTFIT YOU CAN BE BATMAN!

COMPRISING FACE MASK, JACKET, CLOAK, CUFFS & BELT IN PRESENTATION BOX

SEND FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY WITH REMITTANCE TO -

DEPT 'BAT-6'

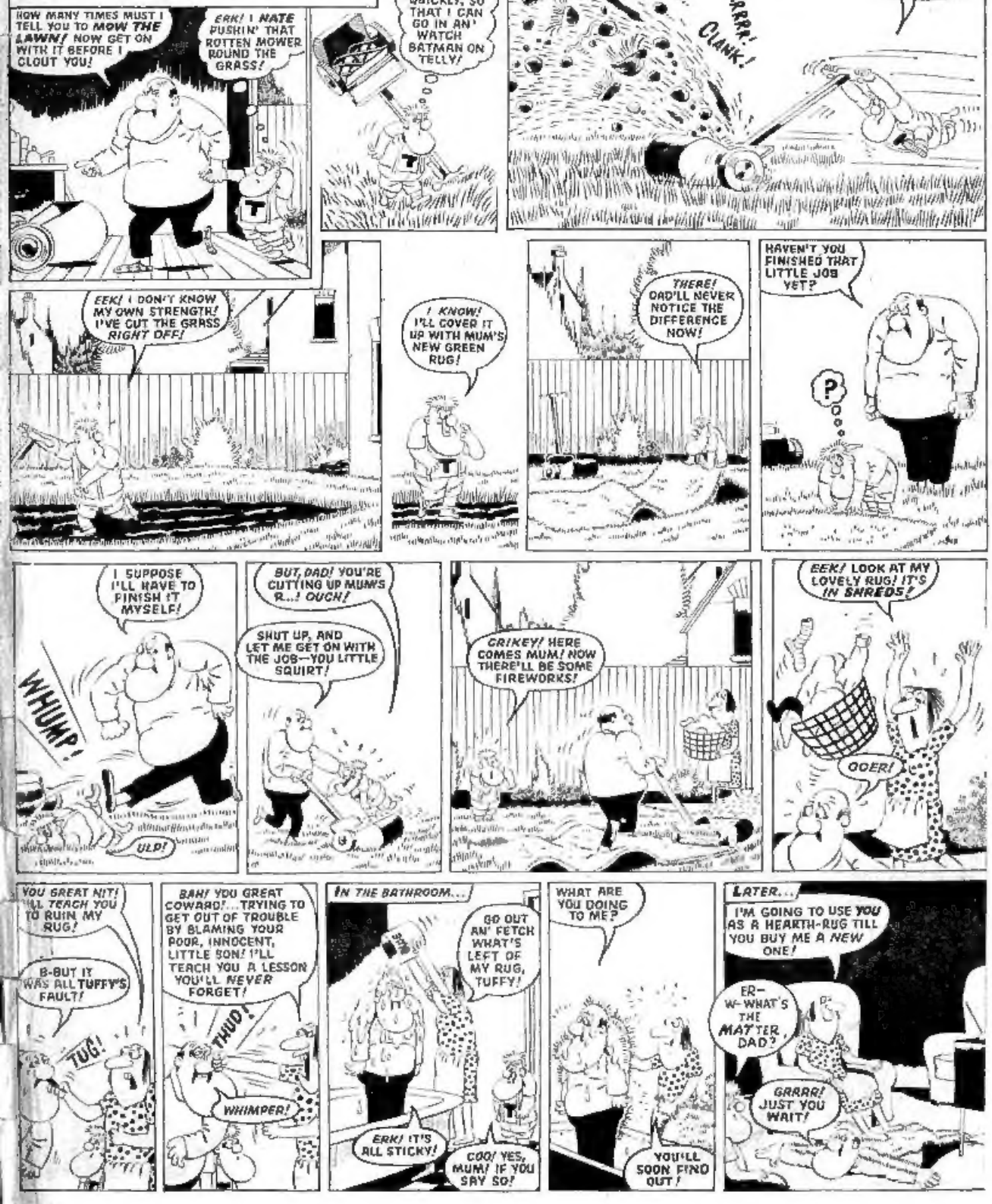
MAIL ORDER STORES (LIVERPOOL)

31 NORTH JOHN ST. LIVERPOOL 2

ONLY 25/- PLUS 2/6 Postage & Packing

ORDERS BY POST ONLY!

TUFFY McGREW


HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO MOW THE LAWN! NOW GET ON WITH IT BEFORE I CLOUT YOU!
ERK! I HATE PUSHIN' THAT ROTTEN MOWER ROUND THE GRASS!
BAH! I'LL HAVE TO GET IT FINISHED QUICKLY, SO THAT I CAN GO IN AN' WATCH BATMAN ON TELLY!
WHIRRRRRR!
CLANK!
CRUNCH!
HERE I COME! I'M THE KINKY CAPED CRUSADER—AND I'M DRIVING MY BATTY BATMOBILE!
EEK! I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH! I'VE CUT THE GRASS RIGHT OFF!
I KNOW! I'LL COVER IT UP WITH MUM'S NEW GREEN RUG!
THERE! DAD'LL NEVER NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE NOW!
HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED THAT LITTLE JOB YET?
?
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO FINISH IT MYSELF!
WHUMP!
ULP!
BUT, DAD! YOU'RE CUTTING UP MUM'S R...! OUCH!
SHUT UP, AND LET ME GET ON WITH THE JOB—YOU LITTLE SQUIRT!
CRIKEY! HERE COMES MUM! NOW THERE'LL BE SOME FIREWORKS!
EEK! LOOK AT MY LOVELY RUG! IT'S IN SHREDS!
OOER!
YOU GREAT NIT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUIN MY RUG!
B-BUT IT WAS ALL TUFFY'S FAULT!
TUG!
BAH! YOU GREAT COWARD!...TRYING TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE BY BLAMING YOUR POOR, INNOCENT, LITTLE SON! I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!
THUD!
WHIMPER!
IN THE BATHROOM...
GO OUT AN' FETCH WHAT'S LEFT OF MY RUG, TUFFY!
ERK! IT'S ALL STICKY!
COO! YES, MUM! IF YOU SAY SO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!
LATER...
I'M GOING TO USE YOU AS A HEARTH-RUG TILL YOU BUY ME A NEW ONE!
ER—W-WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD?
GRRRR! JUST YOU WAIT!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

THE "QUEENSHIP" HAS FOUNDERED ... TALIAN CARGO BOAT CARRYING A CONSIGNMENT OF 2000 ANIMALS!

SNARL! ROAR! GRR!

... AND ONE OF THEM IS ABOUT TO TURN NIBS BOSUN BERTRAM BLOOP INTO A MID-DAY SNACK!

'ELP! CAPTAIN! I CAN'T MOVE ME LEGS!

SLURP!

ALSO UNCERTAIN OF HIS FUTURE IS QUEENIE'S PASSENGER, DAI JONES — WHO HAS MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE IN A LEAKING DINGHY!

HELP! CAPTAIN! I'M SINKING! THROW ME A ROPE, LOOK-YOU!

BUT THE ONLY ONE WHO IS CERTAIN ABOUT HIS FUTURE (THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, ANYWAY) IS ...

GRR! (SNARL!) HOLE-A-DA SHIP AN' STEAL-A-DA CARGO, AN' NOW I HOLE-A-YOU!

AWLK! ANG ON! I'M ONE OF YOUR LOT! I'M A CAPTAIN WIV' ME HAT OFF!

GUR! ALL-A-DA MORE REASON TO EXTERMINATE! PEOPLE MIGHT-A-THINK WE ALL LOOK LIKE DAT!

ERK! HOW YOU WORK-A-DIS THING?

SNAP!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

HISS-S-S-S!

AGH! QUICK! THE ASPIRINS! EVERYTHING'S SPINNING!

A ROPE! A ROPE!

SWISH

SPLASH

MUMMMMMM

ZIP

WHEE-E-E-E!

PRAISE BE! JUST IN TIME—

-A-AGH-H! HAWLK! HALP!!

HISSS!

WHEN FACED WITH A DESPERATE SITUATION, THE HUMAN BODY CAN ACCOMPLISH FEATS FAR BEYOND ITS NORMAL LIMITATIONS!

—BUT NEVER SINCE THE BIRTH OF MANKIND HAS IT ACCOMPLISHED A FEAT SUCH AS THIS!

GIBBER-GIBBER!

-BURBLE-GIBBER-

FLAP FLAP FLAP

FLAP FLAP FLAP

SOFT SOUL LEVEL, DAI JONES IS TEMPORARILY UNBALANCED BRAIN IS FULLY CONVINCED HIM THAT HE IS ABOUT TO MEET HIS MAKER!

GIBBER-GIBBER! (SIGH!) AH, WELL! AT LEAST I'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

HARPS CHANGE

AND SO THE FAT DISILLUSIONED MAN STOPS FLAPPING HIS ARMS IN ORDER TO SNOW OFF...

A-HEM! FELLOW ANGELS. I WILL NOW ENRICH THE HEAVENLY CHOIR WITH MY GOLDEN WELSH VOICE — BY RENDERING — 'OH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE', LOOK-YOU!

TWIDDLING

OH! FOR THE WINGS, FOR THE WINGS OF A DO-OH-H-H H—

-AGH-H-H-H-H!

WHEEEE!

SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW? HE'S STOPPED FLAPPING HIS ARMS...

A SIMILAR CAPTAIN GIOVANNI GONNELLI OF THE S.S. RIVARO HAS JUST GOT IT!

HAH! HAH! DIS-A-TIME I NO MISS! HEY YOU! WATCH-A-DA DICKY BIRD! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!

GIBBER-GIBBER!

ERK! NO! NO!

CAPTAIN! THINK BEFORE YOU PRESS THAT BUTTON! GULP! YOU MIGHT BE ROBBING THE WORLD OF A FUTURE LORD NELSON — OR A POTENTIAL CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS — GULP! OH, DEAR — I'D BETTER PRAY FOR A MIRACLE — FAST!

SUDDENLY, AN OVER-CHUBBY CHERUB HURTLES FROM HEAVEN AT 99 M.P.H.!

WHEEE!

OOF!

AGH!

BAM!

SQUELCH!

EE UGGLE!!

COR! SEE THAT, MATIES? HEE! HEE! ENOCH'S PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED!

AND MIRACLES DON'T COME ANY BIGGER THAN DAI JONES! BUT IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF YOU DON'T SPLIT YOUR SIDES AT THE NEXT ADVENTURE AHEAD!